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DEDICATION

TO RAYMOND AVERILL PORTER

Sculptor, Poet, Philosopher, Teacher, Friend

we dedicate this book. For his wise coun-

cils and kindly interest, we remain

in everlasting indebtedness



PLATE I

PRINTED ON THE LOWELL MATTHEW APPARATUS BY ALFRED
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

RICHARD ANDREW
"RAYMOND PORTER AND HIS MOTHER"
Plate by LINCOLN ENGRAVING COMPANY



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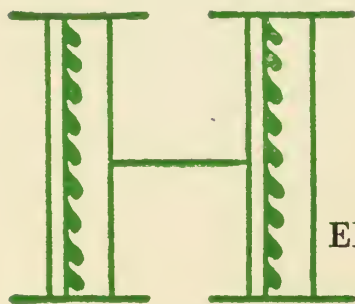
A NOTE ON THE PORTRAIT :: :: :: :: :: RAYMOND A. PORTER

Mr. Andrew's portrait of my mother and me was started about six years ago, and although practically finished, it has not been finished to the satisfaction of the artist until now. The sittings were usually at my home, and Mother is shown in her accustomed chair with a silk log cabin quilt, one of a long series that she loved to build. They make a sort of tapestry of family vanities, and filled for her the place of more elaborate needlework too minute for old eyes.

If you find in this canvas delicate refinements of design and felicitous harmonies of tone, I assure you they are not accidental, nor can you credit them to the natural beauty of at least one of the sitters. The camera has always failed to achieve such results when used upon him. And if you find that your favorite theory of Art is applicable I can testify that it was applied if at all only after it had been demonstrated. The painter relied on his instinct and not on his book.

An artist such as Mr. Andrew at work is as alive and earnest as Vesuvius. If brushes with white lead or arsenic on them need to be pointed, no fear of poisoning stops their being pointed, and in the most natural way. If an afternoon's work is beautiful in its own way but not quite true in its own psychological balance, out it goes and another day of energetic attack gets the right balance.

These intermittent visits of Mr. Andrew to carry on the portrait when in the mood have been the occasion of many delightful discussions of art in all its phases; and now with the finished work before me, I personally feel greatly honored and deeply grateful.



HERE is our newly conceived Year Book with examples of work demonstrating some accomplishments of our students. As a new creation it is just a beginning, but it steps forth a healthy, joyous youngster with a distinguished air and a dignified appearance, due to the splendid generosity of our engravers and printer and the cooperation of our students and faculty. It is a forecast of the Year Books to follow: it well illustrates our purpose.

Our policy is to develop original thought based upon known and tried principles and expressed as finely as is humanly possible. We believe that our art may find expression without limit in the works of men. This book exhibits a few phases of its application as presented in the program of our school. It unfolds a vista of many more paths in the great field of art we wish to tread.

Fortunate are you whose work is on these pages. We are proud of you, but we know, too, that many more could as worthily represent us. Future Year Books will become the goal toward which all will strive and our parents and our friends shall then see in us leaders trained in a technical school of the highest professional grade.

Royal B. Farnum



THE best style of skyscraper office building received its first adequate expression in the plan of Eliel Saarinen for the Chicago Tribune competition. Here are illustrated the "setbacks" which result from height restrictions. Yet height is still the insistent feature since the vertical emphasis is successfully carried from the ground to the top, in spite of setbacks. The vertical ornament and the elimination of cornices also aids the feeling for height. Some modern buildings which successfully embody Mr. Saarinen's ideas are the Pacific Telephone Building, San Francisco; the South Western Bell Telephone Building, St. Louis; and the Barclay Vesey Building, New York City.

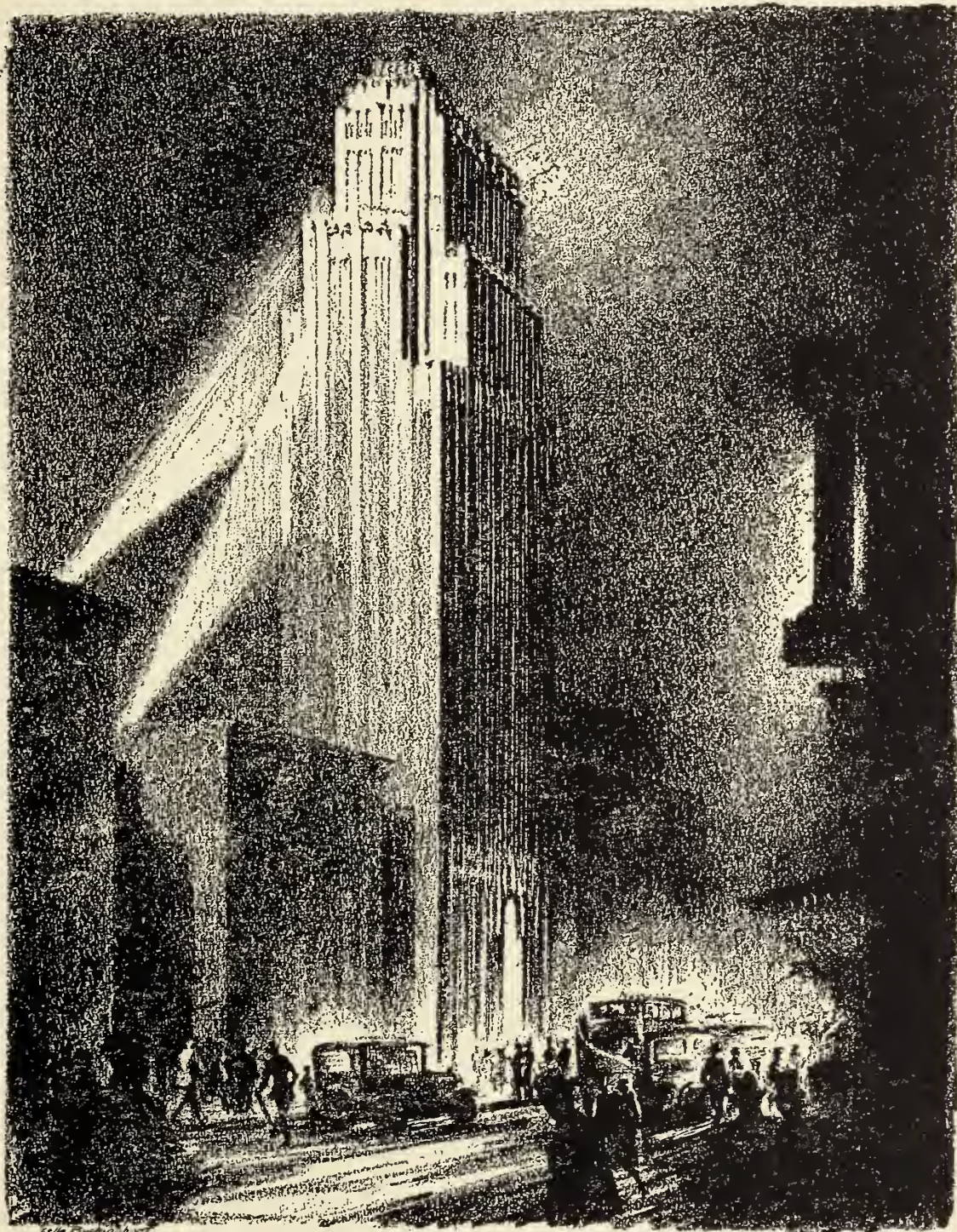
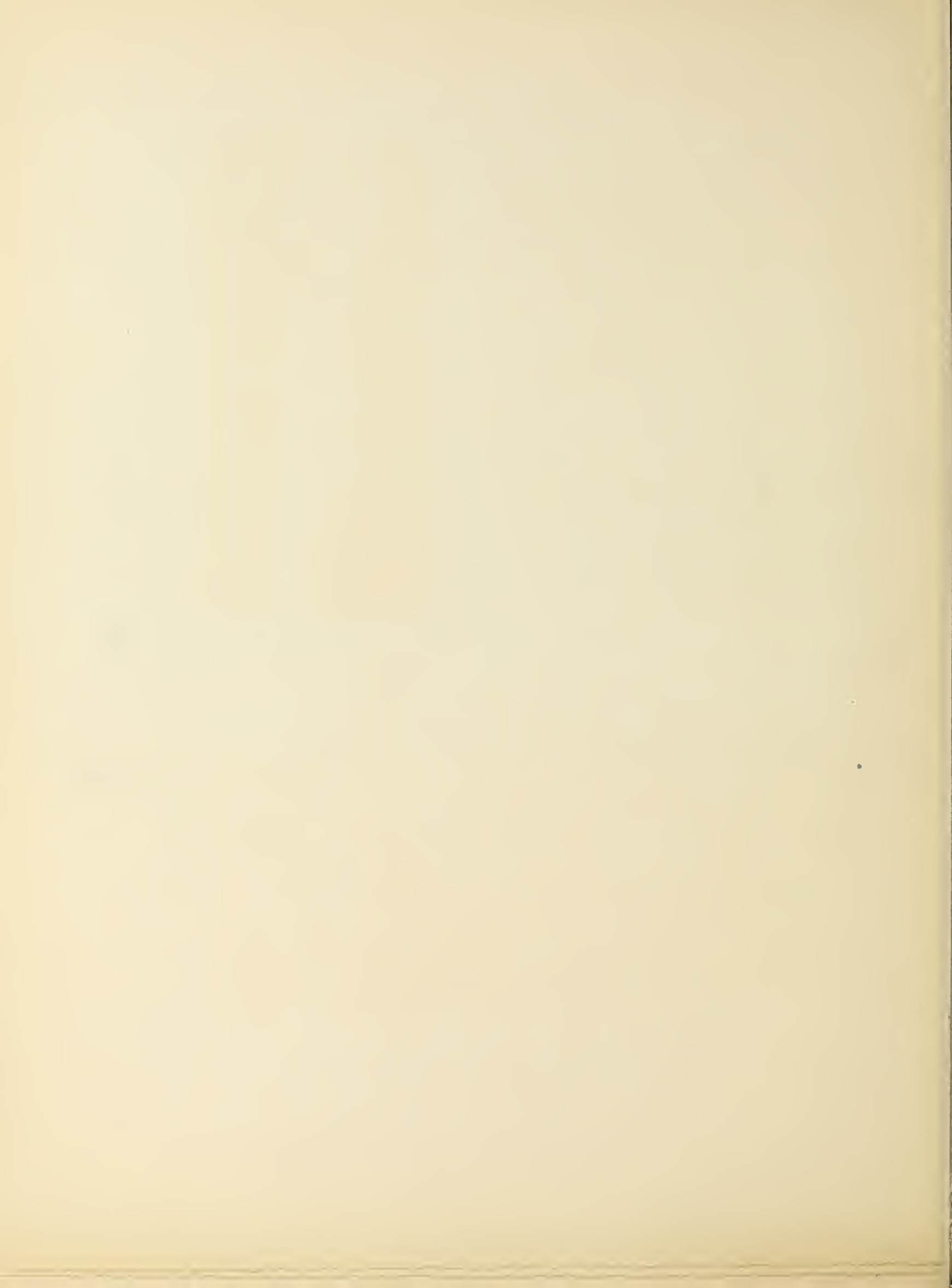


PLATE 2

PRINTED ON THE LOWELL MATTHEW PERRY MEMORIAL PRESS
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

ZELLA BUCKINGHAM
"SKYSCRAPERS"

Plate by LINCOLN ENGRAVING COMPANY



It is a recognized fact that the skyscraper depends upon shape, mass and proportion, and the treatment of surfaces for effectual design, that is, the effects of light and shadow made by projections and recessed faces. Decoration best serves its purpose when concentrated at certain levels and important points. Some feel it is no longer necessary to suggest the steel frame as everyone knows it is there. It is increasingly common to treat the skyscraper alike on all sides, so that from any direction an agreeable affect of shape and mass is obtained. Examples of this are the Equitable Building, the Shelton Hotel, and the Barclay Vesey Building of New York.



The decoration of the interiors of office buildings is leaning toward modernism. The New Park Avenue Building in New York is the most consistent example of departure from all traditions of the past.

The City Church organization is moving into skyscraper buildings. The University, the Hospital, the State Capital, the railroad terminal have now all been introduced to the public in skyscraper form. This seems to indicate that the skyscraper is finding its way into the life of the people. In doing so it is passing from the stage of being the expression of the power and materiality of a group or individual, to the expression of a people of complex civilization. If such is the case it will follow that the plan and design of the skyscraper will be shaped by the needs, the desires and the aspirations of the public.

FOUR SIDES TO A HOUSE

SELECTED FROM AMY LOWELL

Over the lilacs, gazing down,
Is a window, Peter.
The North winds call, and the South winds cry.
Silver white hair in a bitter blowing,
Eel-green water washing by,
A red mouth floating and flowing.
Do you come, Peter?

They rose as the last star sank and set.
One more for Peter.
They slew the black mare at the flush of the sun,
And nailed her skull to the window-stone.
In the light of the moon how white it shone—
And your breathing mouth, Peter!

The sun goes down, and the night draws in.
Toward the hills, Peter.
What lies so stiff on the hill-room floor,
When the gusty wind claps to the door?
They have paid three horses and two men more.
Gather your gold, Peter.

THE process of stencil printing has been known for ages. Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, and Charlemagne both used it to make their signatures.

In the 14 century playing cards were colored by pochoirs and today it is becoming a popular and inexpensive way of illustrating—especially in France.

The accompanying design was printed with seven pochoirs, which is very few compared with some of the French work. One illustration is known to have had eighty stencils used upon it. This, however will suffice to illustrate the process.

The design was first drawn and colored. Then a line cut was made from an ink tracing of the drawing. From this line cut as many proofs were taken as there were colors in the original. The proofs were made on onion skin paper, but any tracing or thin paper will do.

The proofs are stuck to a thin sheet of brass with rubber cement, each proof being colored with one tint. The colored section is then carefully cut out and the pochoir is finished.

The stencils, of course, are requisite, but so much depends on the color too! It must be handled with a meticulous touch. Either water color or tempera may be used, depending on the effect desired. The most delicate water color can be so accurately reproduced that it is quite difficult to tell the original from the reproduction. Therefore, the pochoir craftsman must be artist as well as artisan.

A FEW gifted people are beginning to see the possibilities and beauty of abstract design as a decorative element; but until at least a part of the public overcomes its lack of fair-mindedness and understanding, we cannot hope for a great deal of progress. We will have to realize that this is the beginning of an art that gives to a thing the part that endures. Modern painters are not trying to imitate form, but to create form. They have tried to get back to something fundamental. They want to express what we feel of life instinctively, and express that feeling intellectually, and in as abstract a manner as possible.

It is really quite logical to see that this tendency had to come. For a long time imitation seemed to be the business of art. All effort was spent on technique, and the result had to be beautiful — a sensuous pleasure rather than an intellectual one! In reality this “new” expression is only the evolution of the old expression. Instead of Beauty or Religion, Science is the motive to-day, and the modern movement reflects this characteristic intellectual and analytical attitude of mind; and we must judge it without reference to previous standards.

But the long schooling we have had in perfecting and looking for really superficial details, such as technique, has made us neglect the real value. This new movement is denying the value of the obvious that was placed upon art in former time. The aesthetic sense and the imagination are asked to work and that is what causes the great shock. We expect to find things unchanged and if there is a difference, something new, we are at a loss, for imagination has been lulled to sleep and we fail to get the meaning.

Once when the world was troubled and rife
 And wished it might change for awhile,
 An angel came down from the Heaven above,
 And greeted the place with a smile.
 There, with infinite wisdom gleaned from on high,
 She spoke with her words ringing true,
 "Suppose," said she, "You could change your place —
 "What would you rather do?
 "Supposing that nature had made you a bird,
 "What kind would you choose to be?
 "Think of the birds you have known all your life
 "And then give your preference to me."

After a pause in the puzzled world,
 A judge raised his head with a cheer—
 "I speak for the owl and sagacity—
 "For there's need but for wisdom here!"
 A general gazed o'er the rank and file
 And his words were piercing and trite.
 "My vote for the eagle," he said with a sigh,
 "An eagle for strength and for might!"
 A mother who guarded her irksome brood
 Waited for others to cease,
 Then in trembling tones she gently said,
 "Make me a dove of peace."

Then one who had sorrowed for many a year,
 In silence, alone and apart,
 Said, "My greatest wish would be but this—
 "A bluebird of happy heart."
 So on and on the pleadings went
 And the angel listened to each,
 She listened to pleas and to wishes
 That were far above mortal reach.
 Then after a pause, when all were done,
 A wise man tired and drawn,
 Rose from the ranks and approached her,
 "Make me", he said, "a swan!"

The angel thought and her face was grave,
 As she dwelt on each earnest plea.
 She said, "Well done! YOU have told me all,
 "But listen a moment to me.
 "An owl is fitting in his own place
 "And his wisdom aids distress,
 "But wisdom can never conquer all—
 "Or bring you happiness.
 "The eagle is mighty, I will admit,
 "He stands alone on a height.
 "Power: we need to carry on—
 "But you can't rule a world with might!"

"A dove?—Oh, yes, peace is there,
"With peace—happiness, too.
"A dove? Perhaps—I puzzle—
"No, the dove would never do!
"You have asked for the bluebird, my sad friend,
"True she plays a gladsome part—
"And happy? Oh, 'tis not our place
"To read another's heart!"
When other desires were answered with care,
She came to the wise man's plea,
"Well chosen," she said, "Yet tarry awhile,
"I ask you to judge with me."

"Think of the swan as she sails along
"In might and in majesty—
"She is peaceful, happy and quiet—
"Supreme—in her royalty.
"What is more fine, when all is done,
"Than a glistening snow-white swan
"Floating imperially on through life—
"Floating, and floating on,
"Cresting each rise or subtle swell
"With a graceful lift of her head,
"And resting in purple shadowed pools
"When sun from the world is fled?"

"Yet—seeing such beauty, we wonder then
"And listen for signs of song.
"Can loveliness standing so supreme
"Be idle or silent so long?
"Then with a sudden turn of the mind,
"Another thought is stirred—
"When the swan is waddling up the bank,
"She resembles another bird!
"No need to carry my thought along,
"Let the swan in her beauty remain.
"May it suffice that she floats away
"While we think of the song with pain."

"Now judge—does the thought of the swan
"Bring just a thought to you—
"Can't you see that your fervent pleas
"Would never, never do?
"Not wisdom, or might, or peace alone
"Can bring the world success;
"But some of each, with beauty and love,
"Will establish happiness.
"Wish not for the joys of others,
"Make the best of whatever you start,
"Remember the swan and her idle life
"And ask not another's part!"

—Dorothy Sharples



PLATE 3

PRINTS ON THE LOWELL MANSION HOUSE IN NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

BARBARA SPOFFORD
"PETER"

Plates by FOLSOM ENGRAVING CO









PLATE 5

PRINTED ON THE LOWELL MATTHEW BPEAR MEMORIAL PRESS
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

ARTHUR WOLFRUM
Copy from "J. C. COLL"
Plate by FEDERAL ENGRAVING CO.





PLATE 6

PRINTED IN THE LOWELL MATTHEW GOSSET WORKSHOP
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

HELEN C. MILES "LINDY"

Plate by FRANKLIN ENGRAVING CO.

DORCAS TUCKER "WE"

Plate by DONOVAN & SULLIVAN ENGRAVING CO.



PLATE 7

PRINTED ON THE LOWELL MA. TROOP 883AR MEMLE. 1917
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

REBECCA FIELD
DESIGN FOR A MOTOR MOUNT
Plate by FEDERAL ENGRAVING CO



PLATE 3

PRESENTED BY THE LOWELL L. T. OF SPEN MPM-BIAL-RESE
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

DOROTHY THURLOW
"YASODHARA"

Emmy Lou

George Martin Madden

"Emmy Lou" is the story of a little girl's life at school. When the book was written little girls dressed like this



Styles change rapidly, but the heart of a little girl, never.



From her first day at school, when Bill let the rubber band go, and made her cry; (though Emmy Lou didn't suspect him)

to her very first valentine;



and up through the years to her first dancing class;



Emmy Lou is a natural, lovable girl. No report can do the book justice.

Esther Berow
January 27, 1928



T.T.

Balance in Nature

And what is Art wherefo we press
Through paint and prose and rhyme,
When Nature in her nakedness
Defeats us every time?" *The Benefactors.*



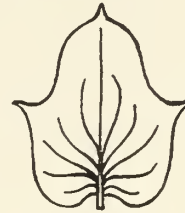
Dandelion Leaves
Axial Balance



Sugar Maple key



L.H. Bailey
Black Walnut
Axial Balance



Axial Balance



Leaf forms
Radial Balance
L. McGill



Black Maple key



Bluets
Central Balance



The American Lotus
Axial Balance
Ruby Harris



Central Balance
Cotton Ovary
Axial Balance
Anne Michalov



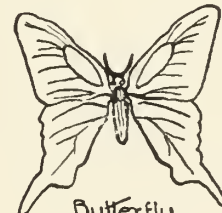
Berry Bug
Axial Balance



Purple Trillium
Central Balance



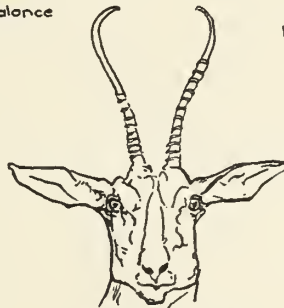
Sacred Beetle
Axial Balance
Mildred Larsen



Butterfly
Axial Balance



Hogfish
Axial Balance
G. Luenzman



African Gazelle
D. Anfenger



Rabbit
Axial Balance
D. Nelson





PLATE II

PRINTED ON THE LOWELL MATTHESON BODIN MEMORIAL PRESS
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

R. HENRY BLATTNER
GORGONS



PLATE II

PRINTED ON THE LOWELL MATTHEW H. BROWN HENRY AL FINE
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

ALLISON MOULTON
LIFE STUDY
ALGONQUIN ENGRAVING CO.

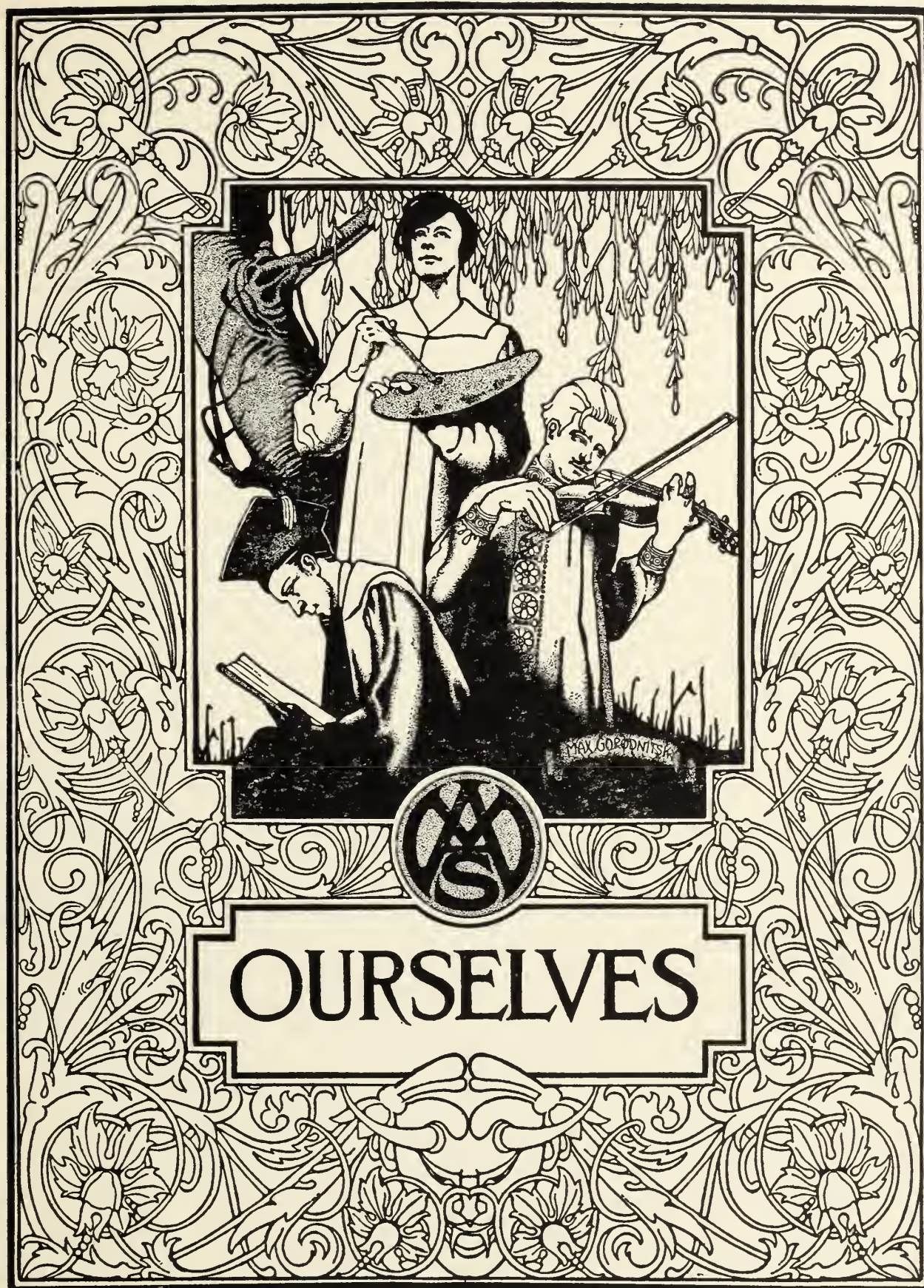




PLATE 14

PRINTED ON THE LOWELL MATTHEW SPER, MEMORIAL PRESS
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

PRISCILLA PACKARD
"THE RUSSIANS"



PLATE 15

PRINTED BY THE HOWELL MATHIAS & CO. LTD. LONDON. THESE
ILLUSTRATIONS ARE NOT TO BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT THE
CONSENT OF THE PUBLISHERS.

OTIS PHILTRICK
THE ARTIST'S SON
ENGRAVED BY FRANKLIN ENGRAVING CO.







PLATE 15

PAINTED IN THE SUMMER OF 1924 IN MEMORY OF ALICE
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

POCHOIR designed by
ELMER GREEN



A. L. SILVERMAN III

PLATE 10

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE NEW YORK MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
MANHATTAN, N.Y. 10020

A. L. SILVERMAN
"THE RACE"
TYPE BY DOROVAN & SULLIVAN ENGRAVING CO.



GALLOP-
ING
DICK

by

GALLOP'ING DICK

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

H.B. Marriott
WATSON

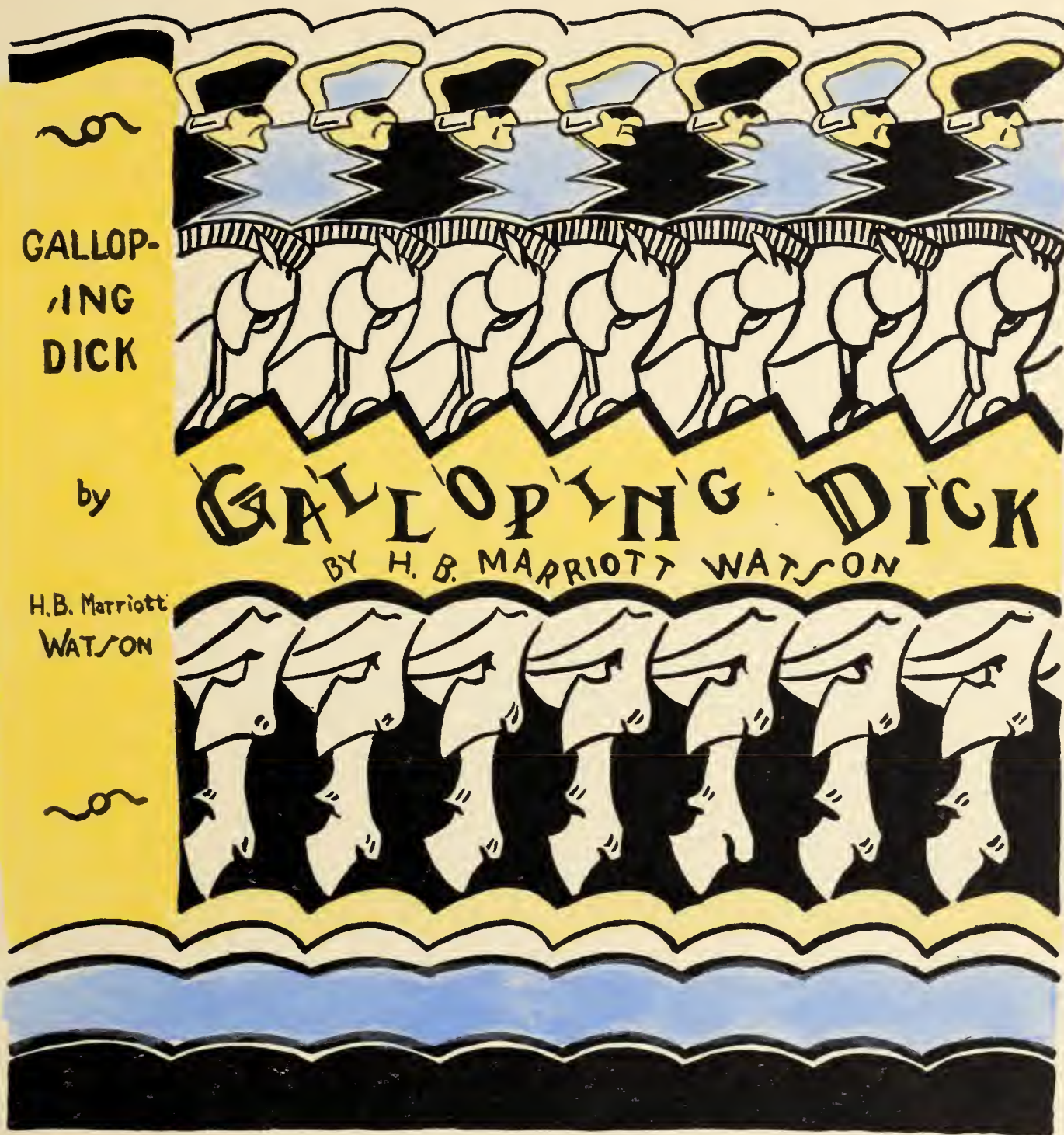




PLATE 21

PRINTED ON THE LITHO L. DAYTON & SONS, NEW YORK, N.Y.
 HADDA (PUBLISHED BY) NEW YORK, N.Y.

HARLOW LENT
 INTO EGYPT
 ORIGINAL WOOD-BLOCK

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